

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

VOLUME I.—NO. 28.



STEPHEN ALBERO, Editor.

BUFFALO, APRIL 7, 1855.

## Who are the Infidels and Persecutors now?

The Christian clergy, throughout Christendom, not only profess to believe in the truth of all that is contained in the bible, but also profess—one or two sects excepted—to believe that all who disbelieve it, or any part of it, are heirs of damnation, and must be eternally miserable if they depart this life without embracing that faith. Hence, all who deny the truth of the existence of spirits and of their communications with mortals, as recorded in that volume, by its various authors, are enemies to God and His truth, and are sent away into everlasting punishment at the decree of their bodies. Those whom the Christian church denominate as infidels and persecutors of God's people, are those who cannot find evidence sufficient to convince their minds of the truth of spirit intercourse with mortals, in those ancient records, and who affirm that if spirits held intercourse with mortals at that day, there can be nothing to hinder them from doing the same thing at this or any other day. They say they could find any thing in any of the books of the old or new testament which goes to show that the intercourse between earth and heaven was suspended or required to be suspended at any age of the world; and they believe that the necessity for such intercourse has been as great since the days of John the Revelator, as it was then or ever before then. And for this it is that the clergy and their adherents denounce them, and have constantly denounced them for centuries, as objects of God's wrath and detestation, and heirs of infinite and eternal misery.

The spiritual intercourse of which the bible bears testimony, and which religious skeptics have refused to acknowledge as true, without more direct and reliable testimony than a record of very ancient date, which comes up from an age of gross superstition among all classes of people, are very numerous, and many of them so marvellous a character as to be supposed to involve the working of miracles, which no rational mind can receive as true without arriving at the absurd conclusion that God violates His own laws.

The record informs us that, when Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego stood high in the favor of King Nebuchadnezzar, they incurred his displeasure and the penalty of death, by refusing to fall down and worship an image which he had set up as a God. Their sentence was, to be bound and cast into a fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than usual. After they were cast in, the King beheld four persons in the furnace, instead of three, the fourth one being a spirit, and like unto the Son of God, as the King expressed it. This ministering spirit, by virtue of the power which he possessed, prevented the intense heat from doing any harm to those convicts, and they walked amidst the flames without having their clothes scorched or their hair singed. Hence the King was convinced of their holiness, and called them forth, and did them great honor. Now, although these circumstances come to us in Jewish history of a very ancient date, we are forbidden, on pain of damnation, to doubt their truth; and we are not even allowed to account for the preservation of the convicts on philosophical principles. We must not dare to say that the ministering spirit prevented the effect of the fire by the interposition of some influence deduced from the laws of nature.—We must first believe the fact, and then believe that the result was brought about by a violation of God's own law of cause and effect, or be damned for our infidelity. And whilst those who cannot believe this account are branded as infidels worthy to be punished eternally for their want of faith, those who thus brand and denounce them, treat with contempt and scorn the best living witnesses, who affirm that the spirits of their departed friends now minister to them and hold intercourse with them in various ways, and that by means in accordance with natural laws, involving no miracle.

Daniel, the prophet, for a similar offence against the edict of King Darius, was bound and cast into a den of lions, to be instantly devoured by them, as was their wont when convicts were thrown to them. Daniel, however, according to the account, was saved harmless, at which the King was not only astonished but rejoiced, because it was by a conspiracy of jealous ones that he was sentenced to death, and because the King loved him for his wisdom and goodness. When the King went to the den and saw Daniel remaining unhurt, he called to him and asked him if his God had been able to preserve him from the death intended him; and Daniel answered saying: "O, King, live forever. My God hath sent an angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." An angel is a messenger; and God's messengers to earth are the spirits of men and women who have passed from this state of existence. This account of spiritual interposition to save the life of a righteous man, has not been believed by subsequent generations, for several reasons. They say it comes from a far distant age, when men were ignorant and superstitious and liable to be imposed on by writers of fiction. They have been required to believe that the effect produced upon the furious beasts was miraculous and not in accordance with the laws of nature; and the intelligent human mind, in all ages has revolted at the idea that God ever violates His own laws. For this want of faith in the truth of a record which has come from far distant antiquity, and from uncorroborated au-

thority, through numerous generations into whose minds the light of science and philosophy never penetrated, men and women are denounced as infidels and inheritors of infinite misery, by those who now scout the idea that the spirits of the departed hold intercourse with their friends in the flesh, and who persecute with demoniac malignity all who bear testimony that they, themselves, with their own natural senses, witness the unmistakable evidences of spiritual intercourse.

The same ancient record affirms that a spirit came and sat under an oak, where Gideon was threshing wheat, and told him that he was required to go forth against the Midianites.—This, too, the clergy of the present day, and all their adherents, profess to believe without a doubt, although it comes, like the other accounts, from uncorroborated authority, and from an age of ignorance and superstition; whilst these same believers would, if they had the power, proscribe and persecute, even to the death, their own well-known and highly intelligent and reputable neighbors, for asserting that they have witnessed, and continually do witness, phenomena which cannot possibly be accounted for on any other principle than that it is produced by the spirits of those who have passed into the second state of existence.

All the prophets have left records of their intercourse with spirits; and all the clergy insist that every word of those records is true to the letter, although they have no other evidence to substantiate them than the paper and ink of which the record is made. But they deny the testimony of living witnesses of the brightest intellects, the most profound minds and the highest characters for moral integrity, who affirm that the spirits of the departed manifest their presence to them in various ways, and counsel them to pursue the paths of righteousness and truth, that their lives may be rendered pure and happy whilst here, and that they may take elevated positions when they go hence to their final dwelling place.

To pass over the spiritual visitations to Zacharias, the husband of Elizabeth; to Mary, the mother of Jesus; to the Shepherds who were tending their flocks by night, announcing the good news and glad tidings of the birth of a Savior; and hundreds of others, we may mention the appearance, to Jesus, when he was transfigured on the mount, of the spirits of Moses and Elias, in presence of Peter, James and John, who, according to the record, bear witness of the fact. They saw, or thought they saw, the spirits of Moses and Elias, and heard, or thought they heard them conversing with him. Now, the record of this fact comes to us through the lapse of eighteen centuries. We cannot know how those men were affected. Whether they were psychologized, biologized, hallucinated or smitten with temporary insanity, or whether they fabricated the story, or whether they faithfully represented a truth, we cannot know, for there is nothing remaining but the record of paper and ink, enclosed in a piece of tanned sheepskin, to testify to the fact. But, notwithstanding this entire want of corroborating testimony, the clergy and their adherents insist that all who doubt the truth of the account deserve to be damned and will be damned; but they do not seem to think that they deserve even ordinary condemnation for not only doubting, but denouncing as false and execrable, the positive testimony of thousands of living witnesses of unimpeached veracity and the highest respectability, that they have frequently held converse with the spirits of relatives and friends who have visited them to tell them of the immortality of the human soul, and to point out to them the proper way of life to ensure the greatest degree of happiness both here and hereafter.

Behold the effect which these modern manifestations of spiritual life and intercourse with mortals, has produced upon the two classes.—Those who have hitherto been skeptics in relation to the spiritual phenomena recorded in the bible, and who have been denounced therefor as infidels and heirs of perdition, have been converted into believers of that ancient record of facts. They can now believe it possible that the three convicts of Nebuchadnezzar, were protected from the action of the flames of the fiery furnace, not by a miracle, but by the knowledge and power which the ministering spirit possessed and wielded, in the use of the elements and forces of nature, by which he was enabled to fortify those physical forces and to render harmless the corrosive element in which they were whelmed. They can now believe that the ministering spirit which visited Daniel in the lion's den, could as well paralyze those beasts, by the use of nature's sublimated forces, as spirits at the present day do the physical forms of men and women, which is an every-day occurrence. They have no difficulty in believing the truth of Gideon's account of the spirit under the oak, who came with a message to him; for the like happens continually. They doubt no more that Zacharias, Mary and the Shepherds of Jewry may have been visited by heavenly messengers. They willingly concede the truth of spiritual intercourse with the prophets and seers of ancient times; and they give full credence to the report of Peter, James and John, of what they saw at the time of the transfiguration, without supposing them to have been psychologized, hallucinated or insane. These are the effects produced upon those who have hitherto been denounced as infidels and heirs of damnation.

What has been the effect upon the denouncing clergy and their adherents? It has converted them to infidelity. They now deny that there is or can be such a thing as spiritual intercourse with mortals. Consequently they condemn all scriptural accounts of such intercourse as false; because, if there can now be no such intercourse, there never could have been any, as God and His laws are unchangeable, and as the necessity for wisdom from on

high is greater now than it ever was. Here we have the whole body of the clergy and their lay forces, embracing the same infidelity which they have so long invoked the wrath of God upon, and virtually acknowledging themselves deserving of the damnation which they have been dealing out so long and so wrathfully to all those who could not believe what they pretended to believe, without the positive and palpable testimony which all are now receiving. This is truly a wonderful change. But let us not denounce the denouncers; let us rather endeavor to profit by their error, and win them to the embrace of truth by manifestations of sympathy, kindness and love.

## The Liquor Bill

This bill, which has been "dragging its slow length along" through the whole session of the legislature, whilst the members have been convivializing over their Champagne, Catawba and old Otard, has been submitted to the murderous process of tinkering in the Senate, till it has assumed a shape which it is supposed will secure its defeat in the House, were it originated, and has been sent there to breathe its last. It passed the Senate, in its metamorphosed shape, by a vote of 21 to 11.

The amendments to the bill, inflicted upon it in the Senate, are the following:

It is to go into operation on the 4th of July, instead of the 1st of May next.

The clause giving half of the penalty to the prosecutor, is stricken out.

Instead of licensing but one to sell spirits in each school district, all who choose to sell it, and who can give sufficient bail and such a character as servant girls are required to carry in their pockets, can have license to sell for medical, mechanical or chemical purposes.—This amendment leaves it open to all kinds of evasions, and will render it as useless, in six months, as our present excise laws are.

The clause allowing defendants to carry up causes on appeal, either personally or by attorney, is stricken out so that some lawyer shall have a fee for every cause that is taken up.

But one penalty can be imposed at one time, by any court; so that, if fifty infringements can be proved as having been committed between terms, forty-nine of them are to be forgiven.

This, as we learn, is the ridiculous shape into which this bill has been hammered by the Senate; and thus the liquor dealers and manufacturers of drunkards, criminals, pauperism and misery, are protected by those to whom the people have been praying for relief from the greatest curse that ever fell upon humanity. Whether the bill is passed or meets its final death, in the House, is of no consequence, farther than the insult which would be offered to the people, by presenting them an emaciated oyster.

## Why is it?

We have sent the *Age of Progress*, gratis, to a number of esteemed relatives and friends, in adjoining and distant States, almost continually from its commencement, which is now something more than six months ago; and, from several of them, and those whose friendship we have ever cherished as a treasure lying nearest our heart, we have never received a word of acknowledgement of its reception, leaving us in ignorance whether they have ever seen it or not. Some of these silent ones have found it necessary to correspond with us on other subjects, but seemed to be studiously careful never to give us a hint that they are cognizant of the fact that they are publishing a paper. We have studied human nature long and carefully; but we confess that we cannot see far enough into its arcana to divine the cause of this seemingly contemptuous silence. Do they believe that the cause we are advocating is the cause of Belial, and that the course we are pursuing will lead us to perdition? If so, should not sympathy prompt them to give us a word of caution whilst we are on praying ground? Will they see us running headlong into the pit of endless woe, and not lift a finger or utter a word to check us before we take the plunge? Friends, good-by! this is the last number with which we shall trouble you. The postage, which is four cents per quarter, is too much for you to pay for a paper which is not worth an acknowledgement. If, perchance, you should pass from your present state of existence before we do, you will see this thing in a different light, and, in all probability, come to us and tell us so, as many of your departed friends have already done.

For the Age of Progress.

## Boys and Girls.

It is often asked, where are the boys and girls? It is asserted by some that children, now-a-days, jump from childhood to maturity at a single bound. Let us ask ourselves a few questions, and I think we shall find that the fault is ours and not theirs. Our girls are confined too much to the acquisition of accomplishments, and study of dress. They are not allowed to exercise, for fear of disarranging their attire. Childish sports are not sufficiently encouraged. Our girls are introduced to society, and take rank as young ladies, when they should be at school, or jumping the rope in the doorway. Hence early marriages, feeble offspring, and premature old age. The boys in our city cannot indulge in any out-door sports, because they have no play-grounds.—Young people require a great amount of exercise in the open air. Where are they to get it? There should be open places for that purpose in every city. The enclosure on the Terrace would be very appropriate. Will our City Fathers consider this important necessity, and receive the gratitude of thousands of boys and girls?

A SUBSCRIBER WHO WAS ONCE A BOY.

## Psychometrical Delineations of Character.

In our advertising columns, will be found the advertisement of Rev. R. P. WILSON, of Cleveland, Ohio. When Mr. Wilson called on us, on his way west, we were favorably impressed with the evidences of intellectuality and sincerity which we thought we discovered in his conversation and manner, and felt a desire to do him service by a favorable notice, if we could do so consistently with truth. Knowing nothing of his psychometrical powers, we told him that, if he could give us any evidence of his reliability as a medium, in this respect, we should be pleased to make it known to our readers. He said he would endeavor to give us the required evidence, if we would furnish him the autograph of some friend with whom we were intimately acquainted. We had then just received a communication from Miss M. M. T., who is a practising physician in this city, but whose full name we dare not give without liberty. Indeed, we feel conscious of committing a breach of faith by giving the initials and profession of one so fastidiously scrupulous of any thing which savors of ostentation; but we avail ourselves of the plea of necessity, as, with these, many will be enabled to compare the character given by Mr. WILSON, with the real character of the lady, as known to themselves; whilst, without them, no one could judge of the truthfulness of his delineations, and he could not be benefited by this notice; for, although we are ready to affirm that the character given, is true in every respect, it would probably be received in the light of one of those editorial puffs, which are set down among the "light and variable breezes" in the log-book of probabilities.

This communication we took from the original envelope, unseen by Mr. W., and put it into a new envelope and sealed it, giving him not the slightest information of who or what the writer was.

On Tuesday last, we received, through the mail, the same unopened letter which we handed to Mr. W., with the following portraiture in another envelope:

## Psychometrical Delineation of an Unknown Person.

BY R. P. WILSON.

This person has a motive mental temperament, giving activity of body and mind. She has an evenness of development of the mental and spiritual nature which gives her large love of order and harmony, making discord painful and repulsive. Her nature is quite sensitive. If her sense of propriety is violated, she feels keenly alive to the effects which may follow.—Her perceptive faculties are ever actively employed in investigating truth in all its various departments and relations. Her reflective nature is intuitional, giving her great power to arrive at truth at once, though she loves to consider afterwards the conclusions of her intuitions. She has a nice sense of the accurate, the perfect in nature and art; is exceedingly fond of the refined in quality as respects literary taste and social attractions. She has a fine ear for music, and an eye for nature's attractions in the world without, as well as a strong affinity for the interior world of truth in the realms of scientific and spiritual research. She is ever seeking to know the causes of every fact and phenomena which occurs around her or attracts her attention. Her spiritual nature is free. She will abjure all superstition and authority as such, and appeal at once to the laws and wants of human nature as revealed in the soul of the race. She reverences truth wherever found; nor will she reject the old though she will accept the new truth. She is progressive in her nature and feelings; yet she has sufficient caution to guard her against haste and excitement. She has a strong conscientious nature—a strict regard for natural justice and active benevolence. Her social nature is well cultivated and discriminative in the selection of intimate friends. Her social influence is cordial, generous and attracting.

It is our opinion that no one who recognizes the subject of the above delineation, and who knows her character intimately, would hesitate for a moment to patronize Mr. WILSON, if any occasion should require the exercise of that wonderful power of perception with which he is gifted.

## Villanous freaks of the types.

It is well to have a scape-goat for our own sins, when we are not sufficiently ingenious to confess them. Hence we and many others of our profession impute to the types blunders of our ignorance or inattention. It was not ignorance, but inattention, that made us write eighteen hundred centuries, instead of eighteen centuries, as the time elapsed since the commencement of the Christian era. So it was with the substitution of the name of GIMKOS for that of JESUS, in the same article in our last issue. Scarcely a child ten years old, would fail to respond with the name of JESUS, if asked who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still. Yet our pen, taking advantage of our inattention, mischievously laid the blocking of the wheels of time to GIMKOS, who, though a mighty warrior, never threw any impediments in the way of the heavenly bodies.

A RIGHTER'S VERDICT.—In Noblesville, Ia. Mrs. Julia Freyberger brought a suit against Martin Mountjoy, for damages caused by liquor sold by the defendant to the plaintiff's husband, John Freyberger. She charged that the defendant's liquor had made her husband a drunkard, and caused him to lose his time and waste his money, and claimed one thousand dollars damages. The jury gave her a verdict for five hundred dollars.—*Woman's Advocate.*

MR. EDITOR:

In reading the very interesting account which my respected friend, E. V. WILSON, of Toronto, C. W., has furnished to the "Anglo-American Magazine," published in that city, I was sorry to see his statement that Mr. KOONS will not receive any pecuniary compensation for the trouble and loss of time, by himself and family, to which they are constantly subjected by the continual run of visitors, from all parts of the country, to witness the wonderful manifestations at his spirit room. However peremptorily he may have refused to receive any remuneration for his kindness and attention, from Mr. WILSON, in January, I had no difficulty, nor had those who went with me, in prevailing with him to accept what he considered a liberal compensation, in December. It is true that the extreme modesty of Mr. KOONS would not suffer him to make a specific charge; but this did not prevent us from doing him justice; nor should it prevent any one who goes there and receives his hospitalities and friendly offices.

The reason why I am sorry for this statement of my friend, is that it may induce those who read it to believe that it would be insulting to Mr. KOONS's feelings to offer him compensation, and that he will thereby be materially injured. I know that his circumstances will not admit of his entertaining company as he does without compensation; and I should be sorry if the idea should get abroad that he will not receive any. Even without the entertainment of this mistaken idea, he is not offered half what his services and kindness deserve. I hope Mr. W. will see this communication, and make the correction which his good sense and sympathy will dictate.

S. DUDLEY.

## Children's Rights.

All people in these days must needs march under some banner; behold the motto written in white letters upon mine; and flock into the rank; O kind and gentle souls!

Children's rights! let us maintain them forever; help them to keep their naturalness, open doors to let them out from all manner of restraints.

Let us cultivate beauty for their sakes; while we suffer these "blossoms of being" to unfold in their own sweet way, let us surround them with all cheerful and lovely influences; children take such vivid and indelible impressions, and whilst as they are when thwarted, may be turned so easily towards the good and pure, because they have their own attraction. The kingdom of Heaven is like a little child, and there is no such powerful magnet as affinity!

What eyes they have, these little ones, for every shade of beauty, proportion, fitness. How intuitively a child from a refined household will select the best pictures in a collection, and how surely alight on the worst faults in the worst ones. How they rejoice in air, sunshine and flowers, in countless things which we overlook and despise; how they wonder and exclaim over the first chick-weed blossom in the spring, and how they glory in carrying home the last cornucopia of summer, and searching out the first autumnal aster; how much they think of plain green leaves, acorns' curious cones, and burrs.

Why not guide them by this love of beautiful form, and orderly harmonious arrangement, to love, reverence, and aspire after, and search out beauty of character? Why is it not downright wickedness to debase what is holy to these pure souls? suppose that to us they are such, why call flowers, weeds, just because they are not grown in a hot house; and the new rhymes they have learned at school, trash, because they do not happen to contain metaphysical truth; why call dolls rubbish, and place whips, nails, hammers, tops, and marbles, under the same ban; suppose they are not directly useful, and have not a sign of a moral, they form a part of the Child's religion; and it is enough that the little heart beats quicker, and the clear eye sparkles at the sight of them.

I know men and women who argue vehemently against slavery at the South, and talk valiantly of having blood shed for the sake of maintaining "higher laws," while unconsciously they are, they violate certain laws of our own New England, in whose excellence they pretend to glory.

These people ruthlessly doom their children and servants, to a perpetual fretting bondage to their high and mighty whims and prejudices; to their pride and intolerance.

Talk about free-soil! I dare assert that half of American children grow up as completely aliens, as if they had been born at Siberia or the South Pole, and never really knew the meaning of Home, that best word in the language, until they have earned one for themselves.

Flock into the ranks, O kind and gentle souls! and let us stand ready, by fair means or (whisper it!) sly ones, to obtain and secure to them, now and forever, Children's rights!—*Fire-side Journal.*

We see it announced that President PIERCE, reached his fifteenth birthday on the 27th day of November last, which had been set apart—by himself, we presume—as Thanksgiving day for the District of Columbia. Was the primary object of this appointment, to thank God for such a President? If so, it was carrying out the principle that we should "be thankful for small favors."

ALBERT HEDGECOCK, of Westfield, Mass., is our authorized agent to receive subscriptions, and give receipts for advance payment, for this Journal.

We shall speak of the Boston *New Era*, in our next issue.

For the Age of Progress.

## "The Public Circle."

We received, some weeks since, the first number of this new periodical, published by J. B. COCKLIN, Medium in the city of New York, and intended to notice it; but we lent it to a friend of his, and it has but just made its re-appearance on our table. The best way that we know of to give an idea of the object of its publication, which seems to us to be a laudable one, is to publish his advertisement, which follows:

ADVERTISEMENT.—J. B. COCKLIN, Medium for Spiritual Intercourse, will, on and after the 1st of next Month, hold Free Public Circles at No. 542 Broadway, New York, to which the Poor, especially those who are in affliction, are earnestly invited. The hours are from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 4 o'clock daily, Saturdays excepted.

## A necessary Enactment.

We take the following from the Newark (N. J.) *Mercury*. It refers to the proceedings of the legislature of that State:

TELEGRAPH OPERATORS TO SHUT THEIR LIPS.—The bill relative to Telegraph Companies passed the House last evening. It provides that in case any person, superintendent, operator, or who may in any other capacity be connected with any telegraph, shall, for every stated offence, or make known the contents of any dispatch sent from or received at any office in this State, or in anywise unlawfully expose another's business or secrets, such person being duly convicted thereof, shall, for every stated offence, be subject to a fine of not less than one hundred dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both, according to the circumstances or aggravation of the offence.

## KNOW THYSELF.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTERS.

BY R. P. WILSON.

TERMS \$1.00. Address R. P. WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio, with your autograph enclosed.

## HIRAM ADAMS &amp; CO.

General dealers in choice Family Groceries and Provisions, Flour in barrels, half barrels and bags, RICE, Ham, Butter, Cheese, Fish, &c., &c.

The above articles of the best quality will always be found at the old stand.

H. ADAMS, O. W. CLARK, 6th

## NATURE'S HEALING REMEDY.

RESTORED TO MAN.

"They shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall be healed."—BIBLE.

HAVING been developed as a Healing Medium, I offer my services to the Sick and Afflicted as a medium through whom assistance from a highly developed source can be obtained. I aid in restoring harmony and health to the diseased and suffering of earth.

As time is extensively occupied by patients soliciting aid and relief, and as the free and unreserved labors of any medium would not be appreciated, I am compelled, from necessity, to charge for my services in advance, to be graduated according to the means of the patient and the nature of the disease.

Lockport, N. Y. I. G. ATWOOD, 25th

## W. G. OLIVER,

## DENTIST,

263 MAIN STREET.

Opposite the Churches, BUFFALO.

N. B.—Received a Silver Medal for Superior Work, New York State Fair, 1848.

## BUFFALO

## LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING ESTABLISHMENT.

209 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

R. J. COMPTON, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING Purchased the entire interest of my co-partners, and having the most extensive establishment of the kind in the west, I am prepared to fill all contracts for the largest kind of work, with punctuality and in the best style. January 8, 1855. R. J. C.

## GRATIS!

Just Published: A New Discovery in Medicine!

A FEW WORDS ON THE RATIONAL TREATMENT, without Medicine, of Spasms, Epilepsy, or Local Weakness, Nervous Debility, Low Spirits, Lassitude, Weakness of the Limbs and Back, Indisposition and Thirapacy for study and Labor, Dullness of Apprehension, Loss of Memory, Aversion to Society, Love of Solitude, Timidity, Self-Denial, Daydreams, Head Ache, Involuntary Discharges, Pains in the Side, Affection of the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Sexual and other Infirmitates in Man.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DR. B. DE LAMAY. The important fact that these alarming complaints may easily be removed, without Medicines, is in this small tract, clearly demonstrated, and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the Author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself, temporarily, and at the same time, without cost, avoiding thereby all the adverse instruments of the day.

Sent to any address, gratis, and post free in a sealed envelope, by remitting (post paid) two postage stamps to Dr. B. DE LAMAY, No. 17 Lispenard Street, New York.

## S DUDLEY &amp; SONS,

51 MAIN STREET.

THE Subscribers have on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., many articles of which are expressly designed for STEAMBOATS, HOUSES, and FAMILIES. We invite the attention of those purchasing.

PLANISHED TABLE WARE. To examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Stoves and Fish heaters, Soap Cakes, Dish Covers, &c., &c., which we are constantly manufacturing in the most elegant style; and in beauty of finish unsurpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

We also have a large quantity of quality of LEATHER HOSE, of our own manufacture; also, FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are likewise the sole agents in this city of H. R. WORTHINGTON'S Improved PATENT STEAM SAFETY PUMP and FIRE ENGINE.

We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers and Hotels.

A large quantity and assortment of STEAM and WATER GAUGES, and beautifully finished GONG BELLS.

For Steamboats and Hotels, comprise part of our stock.

We are, likewise, prepared to execute any Order for STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK, with our usual promptness and upon terms that give good satisfaction.

S. DUDLEY &amp; SONS, 1st

57 Main street.



...and Inaugural Address of Antonio  
...25 cents.



## A Spiritual wonder of the seventeenth Century.

The following account of a most astounding spiritual phenomenon, is, probably, as well authenticated as any piece of Swedish history which has come down to us through the lapse of two centuries. It carries with it evidences of authenticity which place it upon at least as strong grounds of probability as any which are adduced to prove the truth of those marvelous phenomena recorded in biblical history, which are so generally accredited as truth, though coming from an age ten times more remote.

### Vision of Charles XI.

From the French of Merimee.

We laugh at supernatural visions and apparitions; some of which, however, are so well attested, that if we refuse to credit them, we must reject in consequence, all historical evidence. A written document drawn up in due form and subscribed by four creditable witnesses, is our guarantee for the truth of the story we are now to relate. We should add that the prediction contained in this written document was known and cited a long time before the events which happened in our own day had appeared to verify it.

Charles XI, father of the famous Charles XII, was one of the wisest, though one of the most despotic, sovereigns that ever reigned in Sweden. He restrained the overgrown privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the senate and made laws by his own authority; in a word, he changed the constitution of the country, which, before his time, was an oligarchy, and obliged the states to confer absolute dominion upon himself. He was, besides, a remarkable man, brave, very much attached to the Lutheran religion, of an inflexible, cold, determined character, and entirely devoid of imagination.

He had just lost his wife, Ulrica Eleonora. Though his severity to this princess was supposed to have hastened her end, he esteemed her, and displayed much more sorrow at her death than could have been expected from a heart so hardened as his. After this event, he became much more sombre and taciturn than before, and devoted himself to his labors with an application that indicated an imperious necessity of banishing painful ideas.

At the end of an autumn evening, he was seated in a night-gown and slippers, before a large fire that had been lighted in his chamber at the palace in Stockholm.—He had with him his chamberlain, the count of Brahe, whom he honored with his good favor, and his physician, Baumgarten, of whom he said, in passing, that he operated with infinite confidence, and doubted on every subject but medicine. This evening the king had sent to consult him upon some slight indisposition.

The evening was prolonged, and the king contrary to his custom, had not given the signal to retire by bidding his guests good night. His head reclining and his eyes fixed upon the fire, he retained a profound silence, tired of his company, but fearing without knowing why, to be left alone. Count Brahe perceived clearly that his presence was not very agreeable, and had already several times expressed an apprehension that his Majesty had need of repose; a motion from the King fastened him to his seat. The physician, in his turn, speaks of the injury which late sitting does to the health; but Charles muttered between his teeth,—“Remain; I have yet no inclination to sleep.”

Different subjects of conversation were started, which all failed with the second or third sentence. It appeared evident that his majesty was in one of his gloomy moods, and under such circumstances the situation of a courtier is peculiarly delicate. Count Brahe, suspecting that the sadness of the king was owing to the death of his consort, looked for some time at the portrait of the queen, suspended in the chamber, and then exclaimed with a sigh,—“What a perfect resemblance! the very expression, at once so majestic and amiable!”

“Bah,” replied the king, peevishly, who thought a reproach was insinuated whenever the name of the queen was mentioned before him: “The portrait is too flattering, the queen was ugly.” Then, inwardly vexed at his severity, he rose and took a turn or two in his chamber, to conceal the emotion under which he was laboring. He stopped before a window which looked into the court. The night was dark, and the moon had not yet risen.

The palace in which the kings of Sweden now reside was not then built; and Charles XI, who commenced it, was at that time living at the old place, in that part of Rittenholm which faces the lake Møller. It is a large building, in the shape of a horse-shoe. The king's chamber was at one of the extremities, and almost opposite to it was the great hall in which the representatives attended to receive any communication from the crown.

The windows of this hall appeared at this very moment illuminated with a vivid light. The king was surprised; he immediately imagined that the light proceeded from the torch of some valet. But what was going on in a hall which so long remained unopened? Besides, the light was too strong to come from a single flambeau. It might have been attributed to a fire; but there was no smoke, no glass broken, no noise; it resembled a prepared illumination.

Charles looked at the windows some time without speaking. Count Brahe reached out his hand towards a bell-rope, with the intention of calling a page to send and ascertain the cause of this strange illumination, but the king stopped him. “I wish to go myself into this strange hall,” said he. In speaking these words his face grew pale and expressed a kind of devotional terror. He walked on, however, with a firm step; the chamberlain and the physician followed, each carrying a lighted candle.

The palace-keeper, who had charge of the keys, had already gone to bed. Baumgarten went to wake him, and ordered him in the name of the king, to open immediately the doors of the hall of the states. The surprise of the man was great at this unexpected command; he dressed himself in haste and joined the king with his bunch of keys. He opened the door of a gallery which served as an antichamber, or passage to the hall of the states. The king entered, but what was his astonishment to find the walls entirely hung with black!

“Who has given orders for these hangings?” demanded the king in a tone of anger. “No-body, sire, that I know,” replied the keeper, much agitated and frightened; “and the last time the gallery was swept it was wainscoted, as it always has been with oak. These hangings certainly are not from the wardrobe of your majesty.” The king, advancing with rapid step, had already passed over more than two thirds of the gallery. The count and the keeper followed near him; the physician Baumgarten was a little in the rear, divided between the fear of remaining alone and the fear of exposing himself to the issue of an adventure which had commenced so strangely.

“So no farther, sire,” cried the keeper; “Upon my soul there is sorcery at work here. At this hour, and since the death of the queen, your gracious spouse, they say that she walks in the gallery!—may God protect us!”

“Stop, sire!” said the count; “Do you not hear that strange noise which comes from the hall of the states? Who knows to what dangers your majesty may be exposed.”

“Sire,” said Baumgarten, whose candle had just been extinguished by a gust of wind, permit me at least to go in search of a score of your servants.”

“Enter,” said the king, in a firm voice, as he stopped at the door of the great hall, and bade the keeper open it immediately. He struck it with his feet, and the noise, re-echoed from the arches, sounding through the gallery like the report of a cannon. The keeper trembled so violently that he was unable to put the key into the lock.

“An old soldier tremble!” cried Charles, slugging his shoulders; “come, count, do you open the door for us!”

“Sire,” replied the count, recoiling, “if your majesty commanded me to face Danish or German cannon, I should obey without hesitation; but you would defy the powers of Hell!”

The king snatched the key from the hands of the keeper. “I see clearly,” said he, in a disdainful tone, “that this is my business alone,” and, before his companions could prevent him, he had opened the thick oak door, and entered the great hall, uttering these words,—“With the aid of God.” His three attendants, excited by curiosity more strongly than by fear, and perhaps ashamed to abandon their king, entered with him.

The great hall was illuminated by an infinite number of torches. A hanging of black had taken place of the ancient tapestry. Along the walls, German, Danish, and Muscovite colors were arranged in their usual order, trophies of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. In the midst were the Swedish banners, covered with crape. An immense assembly covered the benches. The four orders of the state were seated, each according to its rank. All were arrayed in black, and this multitude of human faces so dazzled the eyes of the four witnesses of this wonderful scene, that none of them could recognize a single countenance in the whole group. Thus an actor, before a numerous audience, sees only a confused mass, in which he cannot distinguish an individual.

Upon the elevated throne, from which the king was in the habit of addressing the assembly, they saw a bloody corpse, invested with the insignia of royalty; on his right a child, standing, with a crown upon his temples, held a sceptre in his hand; on his left an aged man or rather another phantom, supported himself upon the throne. He was clothed in the state mantle that the ancient counsellors of Sweden wore, before Wassa was made a kingdom. In front of the throne, many personages, of a grave and austere demeanor, clothed in long black robes, and who appeared to be judges, were seated before a table covered with great folios and parchments. Between the throne and wall was a block, covered with black crape, on which an axe was lying.

No one in this supernatural assembly had the air of recognizing the presence of Charles and the three companions who attended him. At their entrances, they heard nothing but a confused murmur, in the midst of which the ear could distinguish no articulate words, as the most-aged of the judges in black robes arose and rapped three times upon an open folio before him. A profound silence ensued.

Some young men, of good appearance, richly dressed, with their hands fastened behind them, entered the hall by a door opposite to that which had been opened for Charles XI. They marched with heads erect, and firm countenances. Behind them, a stout man, in a close coat of brown leather, held the end of the cord which bound their hands. He marched before, and seemed to be the most distinguished of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall, before the block, and contemplated it with a disdainful pride. At the same moment the corpse appeared to tremble with a convulsive motion, and fresh purple blood gushed from the wound.

The young man knelt down and extended his neck; the axe glinted in the air, and fell with a crash. A stream of blood spouted forth and mingled with that of the corpse, and the head, bounding over the reddened pavement, rolled to the feet of Charles, and stained them with blood.

Till this moment surprise had rendered him dumb; but, at this horrid spectacle, language

came to him. He advanced some steps, and addressing himself to the figure clothed in the black mantle of counsellor, he pronounced firmly the well known formula. “If you are from God, speak; if from another power, leave us in peace.”

The phantom replied slowly, in a solemn tone,—“Charles this blood shall not flow in thy reign;” here the voice became less distinct; “but five reigns after—woe—woe—woe—to the blood of Wassa!”—Then the numerous forms of this wonderful assembly began to grow less distinct, and appeared like colored shades, gradually fading quite away. Their flambeaux were extinguished, and those of Charles and his attendants illuminated only the old tapestries, lightly shaken by the wind. They still heard for some moments a melodious sound, which one auditor compared to the murmur of the wind among leaves, and another to the first sounds the strings give out in tuning a harp. All were agreed upon the duration of the appearance, which they supposed to be about ten minutes.

The black draperies, the head, and the stream of blood, all disappeared with the phantoms; but the king's slipper retained the red spot, which alone would have been sufficient to recall the scenes of that night, if they had not been already too deeply engraven upon his memory, ever to be forgotten.

Returning to his chamber, the King wrote an account of what he had seen, and it was subscribed by himself and companions. Whatever precautions they took to conceal the contents of this paper from the public proved ineffectual. They did not fail to become known, even during the life time of Charles XI. The document still exists, and no one has undertaken to question its authenticity. The concluding passage of it is remarkable:—“And if this which I have related,” says the king, “is not the exact truth, I renounce all hope of a better life, which I may have deserved by some good actions, and especially by my zeal in laboring for the welfare of people, and in sustaining the interests of the religion of my ancestors.”

Now, if we call to mind the death of Gustavus III, and the condemnation of Ankarström, his assassin, we shall find an entire agreement between this event and the circumstances of this singular prophecy. The young man, beheaded in the presence of the representatives of the states, would correspond with Gustavus III. The child, his son and his successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV. The old man in fine; would correspond with the duke of Sudermania, uncle of Gustavus IV., who was regent of the kingdom, and after the deposition of his nephew king.

### Woman in Sickness.

In no situation, and under no circumstance, does the female character appear to such advantage as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may, indeed, be said to be woman's home. We there behold her, in her loveliest, most attractive point of view—firm, without being harsh; tender, yet not weak; active, yet quiet; gentle patient, uncomplaining, vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling that so peculiarly graces the feminine character, is there called forth while the native strength of mind which has hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy.—With needless step she moves about the chamber of the invalid—her listening ear ever ready to catch the slightest murmur; her quick kind glance to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half formed want. She smooths with careful hand the uneasy pillow which supports the aching head, or with cool hand soothes the fevered brow, or proffers to the glazed and parching lips the grateful draught, happy if she meet one kind glance in payment of her labor of love. Here, too, is the low whispered voice, which breathes of life and hope—of health in store for happy days to come; or tells of better and of heavenly rest, where neither sorrow nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail, suffering, perishable clay. Through the dim, silent watches of the night, when all around are hushed in sleep, it is her to keep lone vigils, and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, for the prolongment of a life for which she cheerfully sacrifices her own. And ever when exhausted nature sinks to brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she seems awake to this one great object of her care. She starts and arises from her drooping head, watches with dreamy eyes the face she loves, then sinks again to rest, to wake with every chime of clock or distant sound, which formerly had passed unheard, or only served as a lullaby to her sweet sleep.

### Virtue in Man.

We love to believe there is more moral goodness than depravity in human nature. When we see one tear of pity drop from the eye, it gives us more pleasure than would the finding of a diamond. There is a goodness—real and unselfish—in the heart; and we have often seen it manifest itself to the making of a scene of sorrow the vestibule of Heaven. For him who is picking out flaws in his neighbor's character, we have no sympathy. He reminds us of those birds which resort to dead and decayed limbs of trees to feast on the worms. In the characters of most men we shall find more good than evil, more kindness than hate—and why should we pick out the flaws, and pass over the sterling traits of character. We hold this to be the true doctrine: the admiration of all, while we suffer the evil to remain in the shade and die. If every particle of human nature were only pure and beautiful, we are inclined to believe we should have such characters living around us.

## Origin of the White, the Red, and the Black Men.

A REMINISCENT TRADITION.

When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earlier cares of the Governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the governor in the name of all the rest. “My brother,” said he, “we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw he had bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man; and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

“When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers; the second with bows and arrow, knives and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes, and hammers. These, my sons,” said he, “are the means by which you are to live, choose among them according to your fancy.”

“The white man, being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working-tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next; and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows, and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left, but to put up with the box of tools.

“From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars; and to make every thing, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first-rate hunter, and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn any thing from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working-tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

“We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write, is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse. Some of the Creeks and Cherokees learnt to read and write, and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians. They went to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing any thing about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington. And as they knew not what a treaty was, held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses, and their lands, and the graves of their fathers; and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry we cannot receive teachers among us; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians.”

## ERIE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

INCORPORATED APRIL 10TH, 1854—OFFICE CORNER MAIN AND NORTH DIVISION STS., BUFFALO.

TO BE OPENED FOR BUSINESS SEPT. 1st, 1854. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 7 1/2 P. M.

OFFICERS.

WILLIAM A. BIRD, President.  
GIBSON T. WILLIAMS, 1st Vice President.  
STEPHEN Y. L. WATSON, 2d Vice Pres't.  
CYRUS P. LEE, Secretary and Treasurer.  
E. C. SPRAGUE, Attorney.

TRUSTEES.

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N. B.—Further particulars may be obtained of the undersigned at the office of the Bank, or of any of the Trustees.

CYRUS P. LEE, Sec'y and Treas.  
Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-1m

## A Dutch Preacher.

A young clerical gentleman relates the following anecdote of one of his Dutch brethren. The old fellow was about commencing his spiritual exercises one evening, when, to his boing a little near sighted, was added the dim light of a country church. After clearing his throat, and giving out the hymn, prefacing it with the apology—

The light is bad, mine eyes is dim,  
I scarce can see to read his hymn,  
The clerk supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck up to the tune of long meter.

The old fellow, taken somewhat aback by this turn of affairs, corrected the mistake by saying:

I don't mean to sing dish hymn,  
I only meant mine eyes was dim.

The clerk still thinking it a continuation of the couplet, finished in the preceding strain.

The old man at this waxed wroth, and exclaimed at the top of his voice:

I dink de deblits in you all,  
Dat vash no hymn to sing at all

As a matter of course, the singing continued.

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